WHAT IS A CONCERTO?

It Is the Deification of a Single Instrument.

TONE DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

A Concerto Is to the Pianist, Violinist or Cellist What Grand Opera Is to the Singer, the Highest Achievement the Player Can Attain.

A concerto is a symphony wherein one instrument is given persistent prominence—in other words, an extended instrumental solo with orchestral accompaniment, often taking three-quarters of an hour to perform. It is the deification of a single instrument, the highest achievement its player can attain. A concerto is to the pianist, violinist or cellist what grand opera is to the singer. It is a tone drama in three acts—energetic, tender, then climatic.

In the first movement there is usually a cadenza two or three pages long, which serves the soloist as the "mad scene" does the prima donna in "Lucia." It is an occasion for display. The orchestra is silent, the conductor's baton at rest, while the player (if it be a piano concerto) valiantly scales the keyboard alone. At a certain note, however, the orchestra resumes its role, giving the pianist perhaps a rest of several bars. But he must be ready for his next cue. Though it be on a thirty-second note in the middle of a beat, he must "land" square and true, like a circus rider on his horse.

In the matter of memory the pianist has a task more arduous than that of any other soloist. The singer voices but one note at a time, the violinist on occasion simultaneously sounds four, but the pianist must keep in his head perpendicular chords ten deep. When it comes to a composition sixty-five pages long, the player's brain becomes a veritable safe deposit full of notes, while his hands, like cashiers, dole them out.

There are famous concertos by all great composers and for nearly all instruments, even an occasional one for the drum. But most numerous and familiar are the piano concertos. A notable example to study is the one in D minor by Rubinstein, a titanic structure, splendid and substantial as the shield of Achilles, being sufficient in itself to protect the composer from oblivion. It commences with the orchestra alone, softly at first, but steadily working up to a climax—a crescendo that "touches the stars." Suddenly there is a crash from the piano and a tumble of chords, like the firmament falling. Lucifer cast down from heaven, lightning striking the earth, a meteor dropped into the sea, steaming, hissing, subsiding.

It is a stupendous effect when well done, but something for the pianist to work over thirty-six hours a week all the weeks of a year, and then a full decade later he still may find room for improvement in this one overpowering passage. In the manner of his attack upon these very first chords a public performer declares himself an artist or a dilettante. No mere summer evening's play of sheet lightning will do for this tempestuous demonstration of electric force. Indeed, the whole composition is built on colossal lines. Olympian in character, like the "Jupiter" symphony by Mozart, this Rubinstein concerto might fittingly be called the "Neptune." One can easily find in it all that is over and under and on the sea. The principal theme proclaimed by the piano in ponderous, plunging chords is a very leviathan of its kind. In the cadenza a tremolo in the bass rumbles like an angry surf, while above this turbulent accompaniment soars a glorious theme in single tones, like the curving flight of a sea gull. Then a shuddering crescendo, a shriek in the treble, a ship on the rocks! The ensuing torrent of tones is almost unparalleled in pianoforte music. The instrument groans under the fearful strain. The strings all twang to the breaking point. While the principal theme is gloriously bugled by the orchestra, the piano, sounding above it, pours forth, like relentless waves, thundering ranks of icy octaves.

This particular passage is another famous one for the pianist to weep and pray and work over. To play it with absolute perfection one time out of ten is an achievement for a virtuoso.

The second movement is a dream of deep sea sounds—the underworld of the waters, whose pulsing motion is marked by the ebb and flow of slumbering harplike chords. A brooding, gentle song occasionally sounds above them, but from first to last there prevails a compelling hush of mystery.

The final movement has a dash of salt breeze in the music. Neptune rides over waves and foam—sounding conch shells and laughing sea gods. The first solo theme is a jerky group of notes that play in and out of the keys like dolphins in and out of the waves.

Another passage very peculiar in construction is a downright dispute between piano and orchestra. They "talk back" in telling tones. What one utters the other echoes in sharp staccato sarcasm. They fling scraps of scales at each other and lose no time in doing it—a well matched tussle of tones lasting full two pages before the conductor, by strenuous effort, succeeds in quieting things down. It is hard to know what it was all about. Possibly the piano was jealous because the orchestra just before had monopolized sixteen measures. But soon they are playing together most amicably, dispensing tender harmonies that cause one again to dream of sirens and old sea lore.—Mabel Wagnalls in Circle Magazine.

SARDOU'S CALF'S HEAD.

A Dinner the Dramatist Served During the Siege of Paris.

Victorien Sardou, the dramatist, told the following story: "On Christmas day, 1870, that is to say toward the end of the siege, I received leave of absence, having bombarded the Prussians across the river since early morning and repaired to a celebrated restaurant. On the way a stranger accosted me. 'M. Sardou, I have something for you,' indicating the basket he carried, 'provided you will pay enough for it.' 'What is it—a curio?' I asked. 'Much better still; something for Christmas dinner,' he said, and, after a pause, whispered, 'A calf's head.' Observing my incredulity, he uncovered the basket and showed me it—admirable and fragrant, on a bed of parsley. I resolved to have it at any price, paid the then remarkably low price of 60 francs ($12) without grumbling and bade him follow me to the restaurant, where I turned it over to the waiter with instructions to prepare it carefully for the dinner that I was giving.

"In the midst of the dinner, after struggling with an unusually tough horse steak, I announced a surprise. 'What is it?' my guests all exclaimed together. 'A ham? Fried eels? Stuffed turkey?' 'No, something far better than that,' I said, impressively. 'A calf's head!' My words were received with spontaneous cheering as the smiling waiter put in an appearance and carefully set down a large platter, toward which all eyes were instantly turned. But—will miracles never cease?—instead of the coveted calf's head there was a thick and greasy yellow liquid!

"'By the Lord Henry!' I cried, turning furiously on the waiter. 'My head! My head!' 'Your head,' he answered submissively, 'there it is, monsieur.' 'What's that?' 'It has melted, monsieur, melted down to that.' It turned out that the head was made of molded gelatin and so carefully imitated that the manufacturer, I have since heard, was able to dispose of thirty among gentry as naive as myself."—Chicago News.

"Manners Makyth Man."

William of Wykeham, a fourteenth century bishop of the see of Winchester, was not only a great clergyman and a great statesman, but one of the greatest builders of the middle ages. He was the founder of Winchester college, which is the oldest of all the English public schools. He was the chief architect of the Cathedral of Winchester, and when the king wanted a new wing on his castle at Windsor he ordered Wykeham to build it. Wykeham was so proud of his work that he chiseled on it, "Hoc fecit Wykeham" (Wykeham made this). At this the king was very angry, for he thought he had built the castle himself, and Wykeham would perhaps have lost his head if he had not kept his wits about him. He explained that it was his greatest glory to be the builder of his king's palace and that the inscription should read, "This was the making of Wykeham." The translation was clever enough, and, though the king was probably not deceived, Wykeham kept his head on his shoulders. Perhaps the king would have been sorry to lose so valuable a man. At any rate, you can see the inscription to day from the north terrace, and the incident throws no little light on the sincerity of the motto on the Winchester arms, "Manners makyth man."

Could See Through His Nose.

Several authors at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century mention a man who had lost both of his eyes, but could see through his nose. An account of him is given in the "Oculus Artificialis Teledioptricus" of Joannis Zahn. It appears that he lived in the country and had the misfortune to lose his right eye when a child and his left when somewhat older by falling from a cherry tree upon a spike which mutilated his nose and cheek. After the wound had healed he found that he could see through the cavity of his nose not merely the daylight, but the colors of the flowers around him. During the next five or six years he learned to distinguish objects brought under his nose. A French physiologist explained the phenomenon by supposing that the membranes, and particularly the retina at the base of the eye, were sound and that an opening communicating with the nose permitted the light to reach the retina through the nose. It is well known that if light enters a dark room by a narrow aperture it will form an image or picture on a screen there, and something of the kind happened in the case of the man who saw with his nose.

Suffered For Her "Crime."

In this "age of the child" such a situation as is described below seems incredible. Yet it is vouched for by Henry Blake in "Chronicles of New Haven Green." The adult of today might not regard the small offender as wholly lost to a sense of right, and even if he did his sympathy would not be with the sentence pronounced. A little girl was tried in New Haven in 1651 before the magistrates' court. Her offense was "prophane swearing." The language with which she was charged was the fiendish expression of "As I am a Christian." The child's mother by way of extenuation suggested that her little daughter "learned her ill carriage at Goodwife Wickham's, where she went to school." One cannot wonder that the frightened little culprit denied the charge. But even the childish terror did not soften the hearts of the righteous judges. The denial made matters all the worse. The tiny delinquent was found guilty, lectured with bold warnings, fined 10 shillings for profanity and ordered to be "whipper according to her years" for telling lies to the court.

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

Its Relation to the Progress of Architecture Among Men.

No one who has spent much time in the country can have failed to observe and admire the beautiful webs of the little garden spider. These webs, circular in outline, with radiating threads running from center to circumference and supporting a series of concentric lines, are regarded by naturalists as the highest architectural achievement of the spider.

The maker of the web sits at its center, where the slightest vibration caused by the struggles of an entangled victim is instantaneously felt. The threads are so fine as almost to be invisible in some lights and at the same time so strong that no insect not too powerful for the spider to overcome is able to break them.

How did the spider learn the art of making these webs? Their great ingenuity and perfection of geometric form are conceded. The naturalist is not satisfied with the reply that it is a matter of instinct. He learns that there are wide differences to be found among the webs of different spiders, and his observations lead him to think that he can discern a sort of actual progress, which he calls evolution in the art of web making among spiders.

The common house spider spins a web quite different from that of the garden spider. The house spider's web consists of a silken tube hidden in a dark corner with an irregular sheet of closely woven meshes spread before it. The tube is the spider's lurking hole and place of refuge; the outspread web is its snare. The wolf spider makes a tubular hole with a hinged door for a refuge, and spreads no snare, relying entirely on its own prowess to overcome the unsuspecting victim. Still another species of spider constructs a far simpler tube without any lid or door.

According to a distinguished naturalist at Washington, these different kinds of webs or nests represent so many stages of development. This naturalist is of opinion that at the beginning the only kind of web that any spider knew how to spin was a simple cocoon intended to protect its eggs. Then a web for the protection of the spider itself from its enemies was woven around the cocoon. This web had an opening for ingress and egress, and such webs, intended for use only during the time that the eggs are hatching, are still spun by some species of spiders.

The next step was the development of a snare. It has been suggested that this may have resulted from the accidental splaining of threads over and around the opening of a tubular retreat surrounding a cocoon. This was further developed in the outspread net of the house spider, and it reached its highest form when the garden spider learned to construct its beautifully radiated web.

In all this there may be discerned some resemblance to the progress of architecture among men. The earliest representatives of the human race were content to dwell in caves and rudely constructed huts. Then more elaborate dwelling places and buildings intended for other purposes were constructed until, by successive steps, advancing as has the spider, we have arrived at the temples, palaces and houses of civilized life.—St. Louis Republic.

FORCED THE REVOLUTION.

Major Sullivan's Capture of Fort William and Mary.

Just before sunset on the afternoon of the 15th of December, 1774, Paul Revere jumped from his foam covered steed in front of a house in Durham, N. H., rushed in and informed its owner, Major John Sullivan, that two regiments of British regulars were about to march from Boston to occupy Portsmouth and the fort in its harbor.

In an instant Sullivan made up his mind as to what it was his duty to do, and within less than two hours by the old grandfather's clock that stood in his hall he had gathered his force and was ready for business.

The party, sixteen in number, boarded an unwieldy sloop rigged old craft and darted off down the river to Portsmouth. It was a clear, cold moonlight night, and presently the crude masonry of old Fort William and Mary loomed up in the distance, reminding them of the fact that they were close on to their quarry.

When within a rod or so of the shore, their vessel grounded in the shallow water, and in silence they waded to land, mounted the fort, surprised the garrison and found themselves victorious without the loss of a man or even of a drop of blood.

Securing the prisoners, the patriots at once broke into the magazine, where they found 100 pounds of powder. The powder, along with ten stand of small arms, was put aboard of their craft and taken back to Durham, where it was buried under the pulpit of the old meeting house in front of Major Sullivan's house.

Six months later the battle of Bunker Hill came off, and it was this same powder, captured by Major Sullivan at Fort William and Mary, that enabled the Americans to kill so many of the British in that historic encounter. Powder was exceedingly scarce in the patriot army, and Sullivan, anticipating that such might be the case, filled "old John Demerett's ox cart" with the powder he had buried under Parson Adam's pulpit and sent it over the sixty odd miles of rocky road to Boston, where it was destined to do such good service in the cause of liberty.

It was the news of Sullivan's capture of Fort William and Mary that precipitated the Revolution. After such a daring deed Lexington was a foregone conclusion.

In the words of another, "Sullivan was the first man in active rebellion against the British government, and he drew with him the province he lived in." In an address on the history of this part of New Hampshire the Rev. Quint of Dover, referring to the attack on the fort, said: "The daring character of the assault cannot be overestimated. It was an organized investment of a royal fortress where the king's flag was flying and where the king's garrison met them with muskets and artillery. It was four months before Lexington, and Lexington was resistance to attack, while this was deliberate assault."—Rev. Thomas B. Gregory in New York American.

Movements of Jellyfish.

The movements of the jellyfishes are governed by ringlike disks which pulsate rhythmically in response to stimuluses, says Professor A. G. Mayer. When the outer sense organs of the jellyfish cassiopea are cut off, the disk is paralyzed and does not pulsate in sea water. But if the mutilated disk be subjected to a mechanical or electrical shock—a single touch with a crystal of potassium sulphate will suffice—it suddenly springs into unusually rapid rhythmical pulsations. This is regular and sustained like clockwork and continues indefinitely without further external stimulation. The waves of pulsation all arise from the point which has been stimulated, and any cut that breaks the circuit stops the waves of pulsation. When each wave in a complete circuit returns to the point where the stimulus was first applied, it is re-enforced and again sent out through the circuit. The center—the point where the stimulus is applied—once established remains fixed as long as the disk continues to pulsate. And, once it is started by a stimulus, the pulsation is self sustaining—that is, it continues, sustained by internal stimuli until stopped by an external cause.—New York World.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

We all need things we can plug along without.

If you are right, don't let a clever man persuade you out of it.

The thoughts you can't express without profanity are not very important.

Apologies are like family skeletons. They should not be taken out before company.

Half our bad temper comes through our inability to see the justice of the other side.

When you think you have done your best the chances are that you have only started.

This would be a more comfortable world if people would listen to reason as readily as to gossip.

Some people have an absurd notion that unless they are always gabbing they will be considered dull.—Atchison Globe.

THE BREAKDOWN GANG

Quick and Hard Work When a Railroad Smashup Comes.

THE ROUGH AND READY CREW.

They Board the Wreck Special and Are Speeded to the Scene of the Accident—The Rush, the Peril and the Difficulty of the Work They Do.

Did you ever hear of the minutemen of the breakdown gang—the fellows who are the rough and readies of the line? In the roundhouse or repair shop you see them hammering, riveting, perhaps running the drill press or plate cutter. Then in rushes the call boy. Not stopping to get out of jumper and overalls, but grabbing their caps, off they run to the wrecker.

A bowler fell on the track. The switch handle was turned the wrong way. A loose spike may have misplaced the rail. But it is not for them to stop and learn how it happened. The shapeless mass of torn and twisted framework, which a few hours before people called a train, must be attacked with chain and rope, bar and ax—burned, if need be—to open the way, for until they have performed their duty the line is blocked, and the wheels of perhaps a thousand cars cease to turn. So away goes the breakdown gang at breakneck speed. Orders have gone ahead for a clear track, and even the limited and fast mail must take the siding until the minutemen have passed on the way to the rescue.

You don't hear much about them unless you are a railroader, but the superintendent, the manager, perhaps some of the directors, know them. Selected from the veterans in the shops, they are all round mechanics, but brains as well as fingers are needed, and a man has to be quick witted to get into this gang.

In the fifteen or twenty which make up the average crew you can generally find two or three little men; for there are tight places in a wreck where they can do considerable work in propping up or loosening a part, crawling into holes which no one else could reach. The boss wrecker tries to get two or three left handers also, as their services are valuable in hammering away in corners where a right handed man would be useless. Some of the best wrecking crews in the country include a number of sailors. The half hitches and other knots that only the seamen can make are of great service in securely fastening lines to portions of the wreck and to the crane or locomotive used in pulling it away. The old salts are familiar with the assistance that a combination of pulleys will give, for they have been taught it on shipboard, while usually they are very strong and wiry. Consequently a man of this kind who is out of a job at any time can frequently go with the wrecking crew.

Their limited is not much for looks. Like the men, it is also rough and ready. Down by the division roundhouse or repair shop it stands on a siding where it can take the line at a minute's notice. There is nothing unusual in its appearance except the crane car, which carries the heavy artillery of this little army of rescue. Two or three flat cars, a box car or so and at the end a passenger coach or caboose make up the train, but every article it carries, from the extra truck wheels to the coupling pins, has been loaded with such care that every man knows where to put his hands on what he wants. Usually the running gear gets the worst of it in a wreck, so one of the flat cars contains extra trucks and wheels to be substituted for the broken ones. Next to this car is placed the big steel crane, which yanks masses of wood and metal about as though they weighed pounds instead of tons, and is capable of lifting a fifty ton engine.

Enter the box car and you see a miniature lumber yard—square pieces of timber all the way from an inch to a foot through. They are wanted for propping up the wreckage, which may be holding down the living as well as the dead. These props may aid in saving life, but they also are handy to hold up coaches when the crew are putting wheels or other parts in place. In one corner are coils of rope an inch or more thick. Boxes of bolts and nuts and screws lie side by side on the floor. On the walls hang hooks, pulleys, saws and axes. Heavy steel crowbars are piled in another corner. In short, this is a repair shop and storehouse on wheels.

Any old coach will do for the crew, provided its wheels and axles are sound. Taking out some of the seats gives room for a table where the men can eat and play cards if they don't want to get a nap on the way, but if they have time for a little sleep half a dozen wooden bunks round the sides give them a chance. Sometimes an end is partitioned off into a galley where they can make a pot of coffee or fry a steak while en route.

Such is the usual makeup of the "wreck special," as the railroader terms it. When called into service, a big driver engine backs down to it and couples on. There is no need of any speed orders. Those are understood in advance. On the straight track the man in the cab opens his throttle to the last notch, and the telegraph poles at the side of the line flit by so fast that they seem only a dozen feet apart. Only on the shorter curves and on the down grades and bridges is the throttle again moved and the air put on until the heap of ruins, from which too often arise flames and smoke, come into view.

The first thing to find out is if any living human is underneath. Whether dead or alive it must come out, and the gang need no urging at the task, even if they hear no moan or cry to hasten their rescue. Then the next job is to clear the tracks. Holding up trains for even five or six hours means a big loss to the company, and they don't stop for ceremony—anything that takes too long—trucks, wheels and rods, perhaps entire cars, are thrown down embankments if necessary to open the right of way. When a car has merely been derailed it is of course an easy matter to replace it; then it is run to the nearest siding, but it is the unexpected that happens in railroad accidents.

A locomotive may turn bottom up on the track, with the driving wheels in the air. Then it must be turned over and pulled to one side of the railroad until there is time between the passing of trains to right it—if it can be righted. Cars may be swung directly across the track, lying on their sides or ends, possibly ground into a mere mass of splintered timbers, or literally reduced to kindling wood, their contents scattered a hundred yards about.

The wrecker who has been in the business for any length of time can tell in a moment the most difficult task before him and, if possible, goes at that first. If a loaded freight car prevents him from reaching the partly demolished engine, he sets it afire. One of the greatest delays, however, is caused by the track being torn up, for new ties have to be put in position and perhaps a dozen rails weighing a ton apiece cut and straightened in order to form a foundation on which to move.

Everything goes with a rush from the first news of the accident. Once the wreckers get busy there is no stopping for rest or refreshment, although a man may have to work all night or all day. With the broken and twisted mass of steel and wood piled on one side of the roadbed, however, there comes a breathing spell, and the superintendent or other officials look over the debris to see what is worth saving. Going from pile to pile, they soon decide what to pull out and block up, and then the wreckers get to work on this. If there is an engine, it is generally secured first. Perhaps it was imbedded in two or three feet of mud or ten or twelve feet down an embankment. Here the little men come in handy. Worming themselves under the boiler, they scrape holes beneath, so that the steel tendons of the crane can be passed round it.

Now the crane goes into action. If the embankment is sloping the usual plan is to drag the locomotive along, allowing the earth and ballast to assist in supporting it until the top is reached. But there are places where it has to be lifted clear of the ground, then swung over on the track.

Machinery has done much to aid the breakdown gang in recent years. But away back in the early days of the way of steel they were called to many a disaster, for then, as now, trains sometimes butted into each other on the same track. To clear the road the locomotive of the wreck train could sometimes be pressed into service, but many a derailed car or engine was pulled back on the rails merely by human muscle. Here again the sailor man came in very handy, as he knew so well how to arrange the ropes and pulleys and to make lines fast around the car or engine that had to be moved.

One of the curious methods of employing the locomotive of the wreck train was to make it move a car forward by starting the locomotive backward. Fastening a tackle securely round the car, it would be passed through a pulley fastened to a tree or post in front of it, and the rope then led back to the locomotive. Reversing his lever, the engineer of course pulled the rope around the pulley on the tree, thus forcing the car ahead. By this novel plan, which is still used occasionally, much of the debris in front of the wreck train could be cleared away.

There are times, though, when even the most careful riggers make a mistake. They have not realized the strain which the tackle must stand when things begin to move. Then, like the crack of a rifle, snap goes the line. More than once a loose end has caught some poor fellow round the legs, breaking the bones like pipestems. Many a man on the railroad's payroll who is fit only to wave the signal flag at the street crossing was among the wreckers until the day the rope broke.—Day Allen Willey in Denver Times.

Pleasures of Canoeing.

The canoeist is the most independent of men. He can push his craft through a stream three feet wide and five inches deep, and he can safely negotiate any bit of water that a catboat or moderate sized launch would care to attempt. Canoeing is popular because it brings its devotees out into the open freedom and lets them live their summer life as they will. The canoe does for humanity what the bicycle failed to do. The bicyclist was tied to roads, was dependent upon hotels and restaurants for food and lodging. When the hill was steep he must alight and walk. When the road was bad or the foot of the hill dubious he must do likewise. The canoeist suffers none of these restrictions. He carries with him his place of abode—his bed, his food and the means of preparing it. He is not confined to well worn highways. He is able to penetrate and explore out of the way streams and pitch his tent in spots inaccessible to the average wanderer.—Yachting.

Wouldn't Risk It.

Tired Tatters—Say, Weary, wot's de matter wid us walkin' down de railroad track?

Weary Walker—Not fer me. I ain't goin' to disgrace meself by havin' people t'ink I'm a actor.—Chicago News.

The glutton is always thinking of what he is going to eat, the dyspeptic of what he has just eaten.

Victims of the Bosporus.

The stories which have become so widespread in Europe of the wholesale drowning of ladies of the seraglio in the Bosporus are not very greatly exaggerated. We have no less than three well authenticated cases in which as many as between 200 and 300 have been sent to the bottom of the sea tied up in the traditional sack. These terrible executions usually occurred after some conspiracy to depose or murder one or the other of the sultans. Sultan Mahmud II. caused all the women of his brother Mustapha's harem to be drowned in a similar manner. Even in these days it is easy enough in Turkey to get rid of troublesome wives and slaves without fear of detection, for no man, not even an inspector of police, may enter any harem on any pretext or inquire as to what has taken place within it unless he is actually called in by the master of the house.—"The Sultan and His Subjects."

Still Worried.

"It used to worry me when the barber informed me that my hair was getting a little thin on top."

"But you got used to it, eh?"

"No. Now it worries me because he doesn't mention it. I must be getting old."—Philadelphia Press.

There is nothing so powerful as truth and often nothing so strange.—Webster.

DIRECTORY

—OF THE— TOWN & COUNTY

CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. T. W. Harrison, Judge, Winchester, Va.

Meets Fourth Monday in January, March May, September and November

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

Battle Town—J. Ed. Barnett, Chairman
Chapel District—J. Ralph Grigsby.
Greenway District—Jacob Garver.
Longmarsh—Thos. D. Gold.

MEETINGS

January—First Monday.
March—Second Monday.
May—Second Monday.
July—Fourth Monday.
September—Second Monday.
November—Second Monday.

SAMUEL MCCORMICK, Clerk of the Circuit Court.

JOHN M. GIBSON, Deputy Circuit Court Clerk.

W. T. LEWIS, Attorney for the Commonwealth.

JOSEPH T. GRIFFITH, County Commissioner of Internal Revenue

W. A. BRADFORD, Treasurer of Clarke County, Berryville, Va.

W. H. CARTER, Deputy Treasurer of Clarke County, Berryville, Va.

C. G. MASSEY, Superintendent of Public Schools, White-Post, Va.

C. E. S. HARRIS, County Surveyor, Bowles, Va.

W. W. SMALLWOOD, Sheiff of Clarke County, Berryville, Va.

JESSEE M. LUPTON, Deputy Sheriff and Jailer of Clarke County Berryville, Va.

E. R. SHENK, Deputy Sheriff of Clarke County, White Post, Va.

HON. D. H. JONES, Mayor of Berryville, Va.

DR. GEORGE N. HARDESTY, Recorder.

P. H. POWERS, Treasurer of Berryville.

GEORGE C. RICAMORE, Chief of Police.

JOHN T. CROW, Superintendent of Water Company.

COUNCIL.

H. W. Baker, Ward No. 1.
John H. Shackleford, Ward No. 2.
W. T. Lewis, Ward No.
C. M. Broun, Ward No. 4.

BERRYVILLE FIRE COMPANY.

Meets first Friday in each month, 7:30 p. m.
John H. Enders, Captain.
First Lieutenant, L. V. Settle.
Second Lieutenant, Jas. R. Dakeman.
Third Lieutenant, John H. Shackleford.
Secretary, Chas. W. Marks.
Treasurer, S. F. Baughman, jr.
Surgeon, Dr. A. P. Osborne.
Chaplain, A. E. Jackson.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

REV. J. HARRY SMITH, Pastor.

Preaching, Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Epworth League meets Sunday at 7. p. m.

Sunday School, Sunday, 9:30 a. m.

Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 7 p. m.

Womans' Foreign Missionary Society meets on the first Friday in every month at 3 p. m.

Ladies' Aid Society meets on the first Friday in every month at 4 p. m.

The "Little Lights" Missionary Society meets the first Sunday in every month at 3 p. m.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union meets every third Tuesday in every month at 3 p. m.

The Mother's Meeting in connection with the W. C. T. U. meets on the first Tuesday in every month at 3:30 p. m.

The Loyal Temperance Legion meets every Wednesday at 4 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

REV. D. H. SCANLON, Pastor.

Preaching every Sabbath morning at 11.

Sunday School every Sabbath morning at 9:30 o'clock.

Ladies' Aid Society, first Friday evening of each month at 3 o'clock, at Mrs. Isaac Bowman's residence.

Children's Missionary Society, second Sabbath each month at 3 p. m., at church.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

REV. JULIAN BROADDUS, Pastor.

Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m., and 8 p. m.

Prayer Meeting every Wednesday at 8 p. m

Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

REV. EDW. WALL, Rector.

Divine Services and Sermon every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Sunday School, John B. Neill, Superintendent, at 9:30 a. m.

Bible Class, Monday, 4 p. m.

Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. J. M. G. McGuire, President; Mrs. Ida Morgan, Secretary and Treasurer; meets every two weeks on Thursday, at 3:30 p. m.

Woman's Auxiliary Missionary Society, Mrs. Edw. Wall, President; Miss Annie C. Moore, Treasurer; Mrs. A. Cummins, Secretary; Custodian of United Offering, Mrs. Lorenzo Lewis; meets first Wednesday in each month.

King's Daughters, Mrs. Lorenzo Lewis, President; Mrs. P. H. Powers, Vice President; Miss Emily Smith, Secretary; Miss J. Crown, Treasurer; meets every two weeks, on Thursday, at 11 a. m.

Chapel Society, Mrs. R. P. Page, Treasurer meets on call when necessary.

STONEWALL CHAPTER, DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

President, Mrs. Ann Broun; Vice President, Miss Laura W. Gold; Treasurer, Mrs. George N. Hardesty; Secretary, Miss Lucy N. Gold; Historian, Miss Annie C. Moore.

The following orders meet in Masonic Hall, Berryville, Va.:

TREADWELL LODGE, A. F. & A. M., No. 213, meets first Thursday on or before full moon, and second Thursday thereafter at 7:30 o'clock.

SEMINOLE TRIBE, I. O. R. M., No. 25, meets every Tuesday night.

BATTLETOWN TENT, No. 24, Knights of the Macabees, meets every Friday night at 8 o'clock.

THE MODERN WOODMEN meet first and third Monday nights of each month.